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Eliot Anniversary,

1646-1896.

CITY OF NEWTON,

Memorial Exercises,

NOVEMBER 11, 1896.



NEWTON:

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

1896.

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1897.

FANNING PRINTING CO.,
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CITY OF NEWTON.

IN THE BOARD OF MAYOR AND ALDERMEN,

February 1, 1897.

To the City Council of Newton:

The joint special committee appointed to arrange for an appropriate commemoration of the life and work of Rev. John Eliot, under the auspices of the City Government, present their report in the following pages, giving a verbatim record of the exercises at the drill hall and in Eliot Church.

The committee is under special obligations to the Hon. William Everett for his oration, and to the several citizens whose addresses and other services added to the general interest of the occasion.

HENRY TOLMAN,

JAMES T. ALLEN,

KIRK W. HOBART,

LEWIS P. EVERETT,

GEORGE M. CRANITCH,

ROBERT R. BISHOP,

ISAAC F. KINGSBURY, *Clerk.*

EDWIN B. HASKELL,

WILLIAM P. ELLISON,

WILLIAM C. BATES,

S. E. HOWARD,

F. A. DEWSON,

HENRY E. COBB, *Mayor.*

OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION
AND ORDERS.

MESSAGE OF HIS HONOR THE MAYOR, AND
OFFICIAL ORDERS.

No. 20257

CITY OF NEWTON.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, June 30, 1896.

Message to the City Council:

Several prominent citizens having called my attention to the fact that October 28 of this year will be the 250th anniversary of the beginning of the Apostle Eliot's mission to the Nonantum Indians, I desire to submit that such a memorable event in the early history of our City should be properly noticed by your Honorable Board, and that such measures should be adopted as shall suitably impress upon our citizens, and especially upon the rising generation, the noble lessons of consecration to God and humanity, which his life and labors illustrated.

I therefore recommend that a joint committee of members of this Council and representative citizens be appointed to consider the subject, with full power to arrange for such a function as they shall deem wise, and that a suitable sum be appropriated for defraying any necessary expenses.

HENRY E. COBB, *Mayor.*

In the Board of Mayor and Aldermen, June 30, 1896.

Read and filed. Sent down.

I. F. KINGSBURY, *Clerk.*

In Common Council, 30 June, 1896.

Read and filed.

J. C. BRIMBLECOM, *Clerk.*

No. 20290

CITY OF NEWTON.

IN THE BOARD OF MAYOR AND ALDERMEN,

June 30, 1896.

Ordered,

That a committee, consisting of His Honor the Mayor, two aldermen, three members from the Common Council, and six citizens, to be designated by the Mayor, be and is hereby appointed to make suitable arrangements for the celebration, on October 30 next, or on such date as the committee may appoint, of the 250th anniversary of the beginning of the Apostle Eliot's mission to the Nonantum Indians; and further that the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250), to be charged to Miscellaneous Expenses, be and is hereby appropriated therefor, and all expenditures under this order to be charged thereto.

In the Board of Mayor and Aldermen, June 30, 1896.
Read twice and adopted. Sent down for concurrence.

I. F. KINGSBURY, *Clerk.*

In Common Council, June 30, 1896.
Read twice and adopted in concurrence.

J. C. BRIMBLECOM, *Clerk.*

Approved July 1, 1896.

HENRY E. COBB, *Mayor.**Appointed,*

Aldermen Henry Tolman and James T. Allen.

Councilmen Kirk W. Hobart, Lewis P. Everett, and George M. Cranitch.

Hon. Robert R. Bishop,

William C. Bates, Esq.,

Edwin B. Haskell, Esq.,

Capt. S. E. Howard,

Hon. William P. Ellison,

Maj. F. A. Dewson.

ISAAC F. KINGSBURY, *City Clerk.*

No. 20706

CITY OF NEWTON.

IN THE BOARD OF MAYOR AND ALDERMEN,

December 9, 1896.

Ordered,

That the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250), to be taken from any unexpended money in the City treasury, or from the Assessment and Collection of Taxes for 1897, be and is hereby appropriated to meet the expenses and report of the committee on the John Eliot Memorial. All amounts expended to be charged to said appropriation.

In the Board of Mayor and Aldermen, December 9, 1896.

Read twice and adopted. Sent down for concurrence.

Five yeas. Alderman White absent. One vacancy.

I. F. KINGSBURY, *Clerk.*

In Common Council, December 18, 1896.

Read and laid over, under the rules.

J. C. BRIMBLECOM, *Clerk.*

In Common Council, December 21, 1896.

Read a second time and adopted in concurrence.

Ten yeas. Councilmen Hobart, Parker, Perry, and Roberts absent.

J. C. BRIMBLECOM, *Clerk.*

Approved December 22, 1896.

HENRY E. COBB, *Mayor.*

EXERCISES NOV. 11, 1896.



Henry O. Cobb.

THE CITY OF NEWTON.

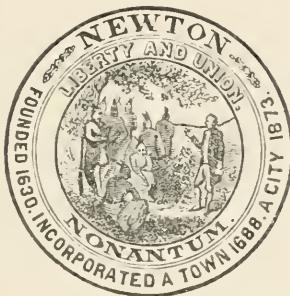
COMMEMORATION OF THE

250th Anniversary of the Work of

REV. JOHN ELIOT,

In Civilizing and Christianizing the Indians of New England.

Begun at Nonantum, October 28, 1646.



. Wednesday, November 11, 1896.

Committee of Arrangements under
order of City Council:

His Honor, HENRY E. COBB, MAYOR, Chairman.

Alderman HENRY TOLMAN,

Hon. ROBERT R. BISHOP,

Alderman JAMES T. ALLEN,

Hon. WILLIAM P. ELLISON,

Councilman KIRK W. HOBART,

EDWIN B. HASKELL, Esq.,

Councilman GEORGE M. CRANITCH,

Capt. S. E. HOWARD,

Councilman LEWIS P. EVERETT,

Maj. FRANCIS A. DEWSON,

Mr. WILLIAM C. BATES.

ISAAC F. KINGSBURY, City Clerk,
Clerk of Committees.

ORDER OF EXERCISES . . .

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 3 o'clock, Nov. 11th, 1896.

. . . AT . . .

DRILL HALL, Newton High School.

• • • • •

INTRODUCTION by His Honor the Mayor, HENRY E. COBB.

PRAYER - - - - - Rev. GEORGE WOLFE SHINN, D. D., Grace Church.

CHORUS.—Song of Peace - - - - - *Sullivan.*

ADDRESS - - - - - Rev. WILLIAM H. DAVIS, D. D., Eliot Church.

CHORUS.—Bright Golden Days - - - - - *Gaul.*

ADDRESS - - - - - JOHN T. PRINCE, Ph. D.

PRESENTATION of Prizes for Eliot Essays by His Honor THE MAYOR.

CHORUS.—To Thee, O Country - - - - - *Eichberg.*

ADDRESS - - - - - Rev. BENJAMIN F. McDANIEL,
Newton Centre Unitarian Society.

CHORUS.—America and Doxology.

— — — — —
*Music in charge of Horace Mann Walton,
Director of Music in the Public Schools.*

ORDER OF EXERCISES . . .

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 7.45 o'clock, Nov. 11th, 1896.

. . . AT . . .

ELIOT CHURCH, NEWTON.



ORGAN VOLUNTARY.—March Religious - - - - - *Adam Best.*

Introductory Address by His Honor the Mayor, HENRY E. COBB.

PRAYER - - - - - Rev. EDWARD M. NOYES, First Church.

CHORUS.—Eliot Church Choir. “How Lovely are the Messengers.”

St. Paul. Mendelssohn.

ORATION.—Life and Work of Eliot.

Hon. WILLIAM EVERETT.

Solo.—“Be Thou Faithful Unto Death.” - - - - - *St. Paul. Mendelssohn.*

WILLIAM H. DUNHAM.

ADDRESS.—Eliot at Nonantum.

{ Presentation of Eliot Terrace and Eliot
{ Memorial Fund to the City of Newton.

WILLIAM CARVER BATES.

CHORUS.—Eliot Church Choir. “Gloria.” St. Cecilia - - - - - *Gounod.*

BENEDICTION - - - - - Rev. DANIEL L. FURBER, D. D.
Pastor Emeritus First Church.

*Music in charge of William H. Dunham,
Director of Eliot Church Choir.*

Miss Belle Marks, Organist.

"Upon October 28, 1646, four of us, (having sought God) went unto the Indians inhabiting within our bounds, with desire to make known the ways of their peace to them."*

"Upon November 11, 1646, we came the second time to the same wigwam of Waabon, where we found many more Indians met together than when we first came to them."*



Here at Nonantum, October 28, 1646, in Waban's wigwam,
near this spot, John Eliot began to preach the Gospel to
the Indians. Here was founded the first Christian
community of Indians within the English Colonies.

Inscription of the Eliot Terrace.

1646. HEATH. SHEPARD. GOOKIN. WABAN. 1879

"This towne the Indians did desire to know what name it should have, and it was told them it should be called Noonatomen, which signifies in English, rejoicing, because they hearing the word and seeking to know God, the English did rejoice at it, and God did rejoice at it, which pleased them much, and therefore that is to be the name of their towne."*

* The Day Breaking, If not the Sun Rising of the Gospel
with the Indians of New England. London, 1647.

ADDRESSES.

ELIOT MEMORIAL CELEBRATION.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY,

November 11, 1896.

The afternoon exercises were held in the drill hall of the Newton High School on Walnut Street, Newtonville, at 3 o'clock. There was a large attendance, including the pupils of the High School, and many others.

His Honor Mayor Henry E. Cobb opened the exercises of the occasion with the following introductory remarks:

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BY HIS HONOR MAYOR HENRY E. COBB.

*Young Ladies and Gentlemen of the Public Schools of Newton,
and Friends:*

Your city fathers have called you together this afternoon for a lesson in history, and I shall leave the teaching of that lesson to those more competent to impart it, who shall follow me.

But I do wish briefly to call your attention to a characteristic of the beginnings of our national life which finds no parallel since the days of the Hebrew Commonwealth. Our Pilgrim Fathers struck the key note in that opening sentence of the compact which they entered into in the cabin of the

Mayflower before they landed on these shores, “In the name of God. Amen!”

Mrs. Hemans has well expressed it in her grand lyric:

“Not as the conqueror comes
They, the true hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drum
Or the trumpet that sings of fame.

“Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert’s gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

“What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith’s pure shrine.

“Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.”

They built the church and the school-house that they might ensure for their new home Godliness and intelligence.

And we are to consider to-day the character of a man in full accord with the high ideals and lofty purposes of the founders of New England—one who gave a long and active life to the service of God and humanity, on these hills and amid these valleys of our beloved municipality.

You will hear of his love for benighted souls in the history of his labors among the Indians of Nonantum, and his high estimate of the value of education and his self sacrifice to promote it in the liberal provision he made for giving the means of acquiring knowledge to the youth of his parish.

I trust the services of this hour may inspire in us all a deeper reverence and a broader philanthropy.

PRAYER BY REV. GEORGE WOLFE SHINN, D. D.

RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH, NEWTON.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we give Thee fervent praise that Thou didst send Thy Son, Christ the Lord, into this world to minister unto others.

We bless Thee that His life of self sacrifice has been the inspiration of so many, in all the ages since, who have denied themselves that others might be the richer, and who have learned that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

We praise Thee for the example of the apostles who counted no labor too hard, and no peril too deadly—that they might carry the message of good will to the nations of the earth.

We praise Thee for the martyrs who counted not their lives dear unto them, if by their dying they might show men the truth of Thy gospel.

We praise Thee for all the great company who have toiled and sacrificed, that in some way their own generation and the generations then of the future might be uplifted.

To-day we give Thee special praise for the good example of Thy servant, who sought to win from paganism to the gospel the Indian people of this neighborhood.

We treasure the memory of John Eliot, the friend of the Indians, who being Thy joyous servant, would lead others to serve Thee, and to know the blessedness of a life of

obedience to Thee, the only true God. For all the noble work he did, for his patient study of their language, for his long continued missionary labors, for his zeal and industry as a teacher among them, for his great wisdom and sincerity and purity, and for his consistent example under trying circumstances—we give Thee thanks.

And now that we have assembled to commemorate this man and his work among the Indians, we pray Thee to make this occasion and all other similar occasions productive of greatest profit to us all, and to the community.

Revive among us an appreciation of unselfishness as an element of Christian character: deepen our admiration of that heroism which wins victories for the cross of Christ; quicken our sympathies for the nations who are as yet without the gospel; inspire and direct our efforts to advance Thy cause upon the earth.

Although we may not be called upon to attempt work so hard and great as was his, help us to cultivate a like faith and a like determination to do well whatever we attempt.

May the lessons we are to learn from his life be helpful to us all. May the exercises of this day be blessed to the welfare of young and old in this community.

Keep before us the example of his patient continuance in well doing, of his noble and unselfish life, so that each one of us may accomplish something for Thy glory and for the welfare of mankind.

These our prayers, Almighty God, we offer in all humility to Thee in the name of Thy dear Son, who taught us to say:

“Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as

it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

The High School Chorus, under the direction of Mr. Horace Mann Walton, director of music in the public schools, rendered Sullivan's "Song of Peace."

MAYOR COBB.—I have the pleasure of introducing to you, as the next speaker, Rev. Dr. Davis of the Eliot Church.

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM H. DAVIS, D. D.

PASTOR OF ELIOT CHURCH, NEWTON,

[Reported stenographically.]

I feel like moving a vote of thanks to the city fathers for putting a part of the commemoration of the life and labor of John Eliot into the public schools, as well as into the churches and into the City Government; for certainly it is a patriotic service that brings us together this afternoon. For John Eliot was the patron saint of Newton, and therefore it is with great joy that we all participate in giving fitting expression of thanksgiving that in our community this great pioneer life did its first and its splendid service for the Indian people. I say it is a patriotic service, for of all the great names that come down to us—and Massachusetts is singularly rich in great names—the name of William Bradford, with his genius for government; the name of Miles Standish, the courageous martial character of that time; the tender and pious Elder Brewster; the sagacious diplomat, Edward Winslow; and John Endicott, who cut the red cross out of the flag in the old market place at Salem—all of these are revered and splendid names for the school children of the town and of the Commonwealth to remember. And yet I doubt if a single name of that early and historic company will have larger historic carrying power than the name of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, whose early history has made memorable the community in which we abide.

When Dean Stanley came to America some one asked him, "What are the places that you would like to visit?" The Dean replied, "There are two; one is the place where the Pilgrims landed, and the other is the place where John Eliot preached."

I think the historic associations that gather about the name of John Eliot are possibly as great and blessed as about any of those historic names of the Pilgrim company. So that it is a patriotic service that we render to ourselves to revivify a little the memory of this man and his splendid service to his kind, for, like the Apostle Paul, he was a great missionary pioneer; and like the Apostle Paul he had those traits of self-forgetfulness and service within his heart that appeal to the judgments of mankind. The Apostle Paul's service was a missionary service, and the service of this Puritan was a missionary service; and it is a joy to remember that the Puritan spirit had its splendid incarnation in a man like John Eliot. I think we are apt in our estimate of the Puritans to give them a certain bigoted figure in our minds. St. Gaudens has pictured in stone the Puritan of that early time. He stands before you with his cocked hat, with his great enveloping Puritan cloak, his knee breeches and the buckle upon his shoes. He carries in one hand the clasped Bible, he carries in the other his staff; and the lines on his face are austere, his eye is cold and gray and almost cunning. And this was the type that has been very largely brought before us in the Puritan character. We thought of him as intolerant, as bigoted, possibly as a man who thought very much of himself and his own creed. And these are probably characterizations that have much truth in

them. And yet in John Eliot you have the incarnation of the Puritan spirit in a man who loved little children; who when the service was long, pulled out of his great-coat pocket sweet apples and cakes for the children and tobacco for the men; a man who possibly inaugurated the initial thought of the modern Sunday School in his care for the children of his parish. I have sometimes wished that the closing scenes of the old hero's life might be put alongside the scene upon the seal of our municipality, which, as you know, represents John Eliot standing with his Bible before the dusky red men of the forest—I wish it were possible to put beside of this another picture, namely, the old gray-haired man of eighty-six years teaching a little Indian boy on almost the day of his death the a b c of the primer. That was the love of the man's heart; and whenever you find a man carrying sweet apples around in his pocket to give to children or to give to horses, it is always safe to tie to that man.

And not only so, but we have here a Puritan who would have loved the public school of to-day. We are told that he was not only one of the founders of Harvard College, but he was almost literally the organizer and founder of the Roxbury Latin School, which has achieved a great reputation among the schools of this Commonwealth. Moreover, he was a man who for sixty years was pastor of a historic church, and if you and I were to read the old record, which is still kept, and see how he minuted certain items of personal character concerning this one and that one and the other, we should discover a marvellously tender and friendly and fatherly heart in this incarnated Puritan. John Eliot stands

before us, then, a winsome character—winsome judged as an incarnation of that Pilgrim type of character that we love to admire.

But the great service of this man to his time and to all time was the service to that race of the trembling eye and the wandering foot. There was a time—it does not seem possible to us this afternoon—when you went out from the door of your cabin and almost at once touched the fringes of the savage about you in his forest haunts and homes. And I suppose when John Eliot went out from his home in Roxbury for his walks it was not long before he came in contact with these denizens of the forest. He saw them; his great compassionate heart went out in sympathy for them. He saw what a great many times we do not see, that the Indian as he is painted had certain heroic qualities. He lived in a world that was peopled with spiritual persons. He constantly did his homage to some Great Spirit that he pictured in the floating clouds or in the face of the rocks or in the gnarled and grotesque figures of the forest trees. He loved devotedly his children. He was a firm friend; he was a bitter hater. And with all these were other qualities that John Eliot saw. He was indolent, wofully so; he was cruel. He had in him the inflammable material that, like the grass around the frontiersman's cabin, was liable at the touch of a spark to carry fire to the prairie and cabin dwellers as well. And therefore John Eliot said “The only thing for these men is the gospel and the school house.” And he went out upon that great pioneer mission to give them the gospel on the one side and the school house on the other. And along with it he put the shovel and the hammer and the axe.

He taught them to make bridges, to build houses, to clear their farms, to practice industrial and agricultural arts; and he gathered them into community after community until nearly fourteen of them were compassed. This man gave them practically what we are coming, at a later time, to see they must have, namely: citizenship, education, christianity, land, laws; and these are coming along the conduit of human kindness and christian fellowship. That is the Indian question as we stand before it to-day, and that is the pioneer solution of the Indian question as it shaped itself in the mind of John Eliot two hundred and fifty years ago. It is marvellous how we have come back to the pioneer to learn the history, of which we need to learn more than we have yet learned.

But somebody says, "What is the good of it all?" There is no one to-day that can read the Bible that John Eliot translated into the vernacular of the Algonquins, possibly not a man; nobody can read the catechism or the primer or the grammar. Therefore some say, "Why and for what is its value?" We need to remember, my friends, this afternoon, that we are standing in the presence of a man who was the one who set the step of the regiment in the Massachusetts Colony to the missionary music to which New England has been marching from that day to this—the pioneer, almost, of Christian missions upon the continent. That is why we turn with a great love toward his character and his life and labor. For, after all, it is the inspirational power of such living, the heroism of such character that counts for more than anything that the hand does, or any book that the mind may create for posterity to read. There was a time

when Leonidas stood in the pass with his three hundred beside him, to push back the great oceanic current of the Persian invasion. There was a time when a flag was fired upon in one of our southern fortresses, and a time in our Rebellion history later on, when a gallant soldier pointed to the clouds on Lookout Mountain and asked his men in the gray of the morning if they could take it. Now in every one of these cases there was almost defeat. Leonidas was not able to stand against the hosts of Xerxes and he fell, and yet you and I know very well that there was no name in Greece to conjure by like that of Leonidas and the Three hundred. We know also that when the flag at Sumpter was fired upon, and left flying over the battered fortress after Anderson marched out in capitulation, it became the bugle call to the patriotism of the great North to a duty that otherwise save in that defeat they had not been nerved to do. And so when Joe Hooker sent his men of the grand army on to the heights of Lookout Mountain, they found no spoil, they found no prisoners of war, they found no camp—all had fled; and yet there was hardly a victory in the South that carried such tremendous enthusiasm as the possibility of the men in blue taking a fortress that was almost covered by the clouds. So I say it is the incentive of a great example that pays in this world more than the deed we do. It is the enthusiasm of a great, heroic character that counts, and that is why we are met together this afternoon to remember the life and the labor of John Eliot. I am glad it comes into the thoughts of the school children of this city. I am glad that he stands on the seal of our municipality; and I trust that the spirit of this man, who says it is the duty of the strong to help the

weak, it is the duty of the cultivated to help the ignorant, it is the duty of those who have the gospel to give it to the man that has it not—that the spirit of John Eliot may long live in the schools and the churches of Nonantum, and that we may remember, in the words inscribed upon his own tombstone, that “Prayer and pains can do anything through faith in Jesus Christ.” (Applause.)

The High School Chorus sang “Bright Golden Days;” by Gaul, after which Mayor Cobb said:

“We shall now have the pleasure of listening to an address from our fellow townsman, Dr. John T. Prince of West Newton.”

ADDRESS OF JOHN T. PRINCE, Ph. D.

Phillips Brooks once said that the contemplation of the life of a great man is attended with feelings both of humiliation and of encouragement—humiliation, because by comparison we are reminded of the littleness and weakness of our work; and encouragement, because the life contemplated is the life of a human being, and therefore as human beings, we can follow, in spirit at least, the example that has been given us. Such are the feelings that animate us as we come together to celebrate an event which marked the beginning of the missionary career of John Eliot.

Our first feeling as we think of the work he accomplished during the forty-four years from the time he first stood up to preach in Waban's wigwam, is one of wonder and awe. Think of it for a moment! During the continued service as elder of the Roxbury Church, with the exacting duties of teacher and preacher, he established and helped to sustain for many years more than a dozen settlements, while he visited with greater or less regularity other communities of converted Indians in the Plymouth Colony and in the islands near the coast—a region which extended from the Merrimack river on the north to Providence on the south, and from what is now Brookfield on the west to Nantucket on the east. In this wide circuit, exposed to all kinds of weather, he went on horseback for days at a time, attending

not only to the spiritual needs of the people, but to their material needs as well, in leading them to improve their homes and farms, in helping them to form governments of their own, in advising them upon questions of order, and in assisting them in all possible ways to establish schools for their children. He even went so far as to instruct the natives in the art of teaching; or, as he says, "Seeing that they must have teachers amongst themselves, they must also be taught to be teachers; for which cause I have begun to teach them the art of teaching, and I find some of them very capable;" or, as he says in another place, "How to communicate knowledge to others methodically and skilfully." The wonder of it all is, how one man, with little personal aid from the white settlers, could make these conditions of semi-civilization out of conditions of barbarism but little above the lowest forms of savagery. About four thousand Indians in all, we are told, fifteen hundred of them being in Eliot's villages, were thus raised to an almost self-supporting basis as members of Christian communities.

Thus we see that Eliot's purpose was to raise from barbarism a people which would be self-supporting in maintaining the four great institutions of civilized life, namely: the church, the home, the school, and the state. Other missions in other parts of America and in other countries have been established, but the principle of self-dependence in the maintenance of these great institutions on the part of an inferior race has never been more successfully applied than was done by this great "apostle to the Indians." How his heart would burn with enthusiasm, if he were living, to see his great work continued in those noble institutions at

Hampton and Carlisle and Tuskegee; and with what genuine pride would he observe the manly conduct of the young men of one of these institutions in the inter-collegiate games, thus affording an example for others in dignified self-control and courteous treatment of opponents.

The courage and self-sacrifice required on the part of the Indians to maintain, even to a partial extent, the institutions which I have named can be fully appreciated only as we learn of the open hostility of most of the whites on the one hand, and of the jealous hatred had against them by their former companions on the other.

However disappointing the outward results of the new settlements may have been during and after King Philip's war, the fact remains that under anything like fair circumstances nearly one fourth of the Indian population of New England demonstrated their ability to lead orderly, industrious lives, after the manner of their white neighbors—a fact which, for the good of all concerned, too few of Eliot's fellow colonists realized. According to the opinions of good judges many of the lives of both whites and Indians might have been saved, in King Philip's war and afterwards, if only the friendship instead of the hostility of the christianized natives had been encouraged. With proper treatment these natives could have been used as a protection against the common enemy. The record of the cruel transfer of a whole community of these ill-judged and mis-used people is scarcely less pathetic, in their heroic resignation, than was that of the Acadian French eighty years afterwards.

Incidental to the great work which Eliot sought to accomplish, and to a large degree helpful in bringing it

about, was his work as a writer and translator. Tracts and books to the number of more than twenty were issued in quick succession. The most memorable of these books—if indeed we cannot say the most memorable of all books ever written by man—was that stupendous work, the translation of the Bible into a dialect spoken by the Massachusetts Indians. The greatness of this work can be realized only as it is understood that the language into which the translation was made was not a written language with regular forms, but only a spoken dialect—a jumble of collected sounds forming long words, which, as Cotton Mather said, “had been growing ever since the confusion of Babel.” More than this, the words were inadequate to express any thoughts or affections above those of a sensual kind. Moral sentiments, much less those of a spiritual nature, were scarcely known to these people, whose speech Eliot had learned but a few years before the translation appeared. We can well understand, therefore, how difficult it must have been for him to express, even in rude form, the spiritual sentiments of the Bible narrative; and yet we have reason to suppose, not only that it was understood and enjoyed by those for whom it was translated, but that it was a work of great literary merit.

These two means of evangelization—the work of the preacher and pastor and the work of the writer and translator—will compare favorably with any similar efforts that were ever made. Even the great labors of Wycliff and Luther, which naturally suggest themselves in this connection, although more wide spread in their effects, were no more earnest and really no more effective than were those of John Eliot.

In a sense Eliot did not make history as others have done. He did not make history for America as Alfred the Great made it for England, or as Charlemagne made it for Germany, or as Cæsar made it for Rome. History in these cases was made through the conquest of an inferior race by a superior race. Eliot's aim also was to effect a conquest; but it was the conquest of an inferior race, not by a superior race but by themselves. While the heroes of battle were making conquests whose end was the securing of land, Eliot was showing the way by which self government, both for the individual and for the State, could be effected. It may have been necessary in the "march of civilization" to secure the land, even at the dear price which was paid for it, but it was quite as necessary for the sake of humanity that the capability of primitive peoples for self improvement should be demonstrated; and this John Eliot did as no other man, before or since his time, has done.

At first glance it does not seem easy to find in Eliot's life that inspiration and encouragement which we are told is found in the life of every great man, there being so few conditions of his life common to ours: but as we look deeper into his thoughts and motives we find much that we can appreciate and apply in our own lives. It is interesting always to trace out the causes and occasions of great deeds. We have no means of knowing when the great purpose of Eliot's life took possession of him. It may have been when he heard that Roger Williams had found refuge from the persecutions of the General Court in the home of Massasoit, and had, with some success, reached the hearts of the Wampanoags; or when the news was told of Thomas May-

hew's earnest work in Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard; or again he might have been stirred to preach the gospel of peace when the news came up to his Roxbury home of the horrible massacres of English settlers by the Pequots, and the no less horrible retaliatory measures of the English in the annihilation of the entire tribe. Whether it was one or all of these considerations that turned his mind toward the elevation of the Indians, or only the natural fulfilment of a purpose formed before he came to America, certain it is that the decision once formed was faithfully followed. Faithfulness to duty in spite of all obstacles is one of the lessons we may learn from his life—a lesson which can be applied as well to the daily routine of a workman in the shop, a merchant in the counting room, or a pupil in the school, as to teaching and leading the way to heaven.

If all accounts are true the personality of John Eliot was quite unique in the community of Massachusetts Puritans. "Winsome manners," "facetious affability" are words which express the reputed outward bearing of the man; and, if the opinion of his contemporaries is to be credited, he lost nothing in casting aside the stern manners of his time. He was, we are told, kind and even playful with the Indian children, constantly bringing small gifts to them in his rounds. This happy manner and cordial friendliness toward all were not, we may believe, mere mannerisms or the result of inheritance only, but an expression of genuine cheerfulness which came from deep spiritual experiences.

Another element of true greatness characteristic of Eliot's life was his genuine human sympathy, especially for the weak and oppressed. This was shown by the affection-

ate hold he had upon the Indians in his villages, by his protestations against sending Indian captives into slavery, by his generous gift of seventy-five acres of land for the education of Indians and negroes, by the pathetic appeal for negro servants to be sent to him for instruction, after the infirmities of age prevented him from performing his regular duties as pastor, and by his instruction during the last days of his life of a poor blind boy of his parish.

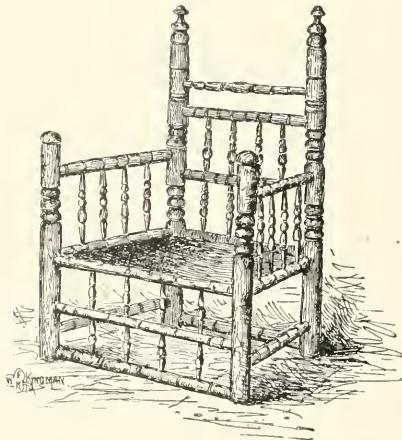
Although the occasions for the same form of charity which John Eliot practiced happily do not now exist in New England, there is the same struggle for life with us all—the “life which is more than meat.” Happy is the man, woman, or child whose faithfulness to duty, sympathy for others, and humility of heart at all times will permit him or her to say as truly as did John Eliot, “Were I sure to die to-morrow I would do what I am doing to-day.”

“Welcome joy” were almost his last words. Can we doubt as he said these words that he was thinking of the promise held out to the faithful? “Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

MAYOR COBB.—We have on the platform two chairs that belonged to John Eliot—this one, belonging now to the Unitarian Church at Dorechester; and the one behind, which I have the pleasure of owning myself. On the easel in front of the stage you will see the photographs of buildings in Nazing and Widford, England, where John Eliot spent his boyhood.

We are very much favored in having with us this afternoon Dr. Ellsworth Eliot, a lineal descendant of John Eliot, who has come from New York to be present on this anniversary. We should be very glad indeed to hear from Dr. Eliot. (Applause.)

DR. ELLSWORTH ELIOT.—Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen:—I did not come here to say one word, but to listen; but I must say I thank the Mayor, the City Council, and the citizens of this town, and the school children particularly, for the interest which they have shown in the memory of my ancestor. As one of his descendants and in the name of his descendants, I most heartily thank you. (Applause.)



THE JOHN ELIOT CHAIR OWNED BY THE
UNITARIAN CHURCH AT DORCHESTER.



THIS CHAIR, OWNED BY MAYOR COBB OF NEWTON, WAS PURCHASED AT AN
AUCTION SALE OF JOHN ELIOT'S EFFECTS, BY AN ANCESTOR OF
HENRY J. OLIVER OF BOSTON, AND REMAINED IN
THE OLIVER FAMILY UNTIL PURCHASED
BY THE PRESENT
OWNER.

CITY OF NEWTON.

THE ELIOT ANNIVERSARY,

1646-1896.

The Committee on the 250th Anniversary of the Work of John Eliot at Nonantum offers prizes for the best essays on the following subjects.

The competition is open to all pupils in the Newton public schools.

The judges are to be, Superintendent of Schools George I. Aldrich, Miss Abby B. Bates, and Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke.

Subjects:

1. LIFE AND WORK OF JOHN ELIOT.
2. ELIOT AT NONANTUM
3. NEWTON BEFORE 1700.

Class A. Length, 1,000 words. Open to those from 10 to 14 years of age.

First prize, \$3.00 Second prize, \$2.00.

Class B. Length, 2,000 words. Open to those from 15 to 20 years of age.

First prize, \$10.00 Second prize, \$5.00.

1. The essays, unfolded, are to be sent to Mr. George I. Aldrich, Newtonville, Mass., to reach him on or before October 31, 1896, and are to be written on one side only of ruled paper of size $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by 8 inches wide, with marginal ruling. Each is to be signed by an assumed name, and marked Class A or Class B and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real and assumed name of the writer, also age and school. Any of the above subjects may be used by competitors in either class.

2. To each essay is to be added a list of the books used in its preparation. The scholarly and exact use of authorities, as indicated in marginal notes, will aid in determining excellence.

3. A free use of books is desired, but aside from that, the essay is to be entirely the work of the writer.

For the committee,

ISAAC F. KINGSBURY,

City Clerk.

HENRY E. COBB, MAYOR,

Chairman.

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES FOR ELIOT ESSAYS.

MAYOR COBB.—The committee having this memorial service in charge, as an incentive to the young ladies and gentlemen of the schools to study the life of John Eliot and give some statement of its historic influence, offered prizes or essays upon the following subjects:

“The Life and Work of John Eliot.”

“Eliot at Nonantum.”

“Newton Before 1700.”

The committee in charge of collecting the essays and awarding the prizes will please report. Mr. Aldrich, the superintendent of our schools, is the chairman of that committee.

SUPERINTENDENT ALDRICH.—Mr. chairman ladies, and gentlemen:—For the information of any in the audience who may not know the conditions under which these prize essays were prepared, I may say that they fall into two classes. The first class of essays was to be one thousand words in length, to be written by young people between the ages of ten and fourteen years. The second class of essays was somewhat longer, two thousand words in length, and was to be written by those varying in age from fifteen to twenty years. The committee charged with the examination of these essays have attended to that duty as well as they were able, and they have to submit this report:

In Class A, the first prize, in the judgment of the committee, is due to a young lady who writes under the pen name of "Evelyn Warner," and whose baptismal name we find to be Alice Frost.

In that same class, Class A, the second prize seems be due to a girl writing under the name of "Daisy Wood," whose real name we find to be Louise H. DeForest, of the Williams School, Auburndale.

Coming to Class B, the longer essays, the first prize seems to be due to some one writing under the pen name of "Rose Von Walde," whose real name is Charlotte B. DeForest, of the High School.

The second prize in Class B is due, in the judgment of your committee, to some one who writes under the pen name of "Sixteen to One," and, on opening the envelope attached to that essay, we find the name of Ernest R. Lowe, a member of Miss Spear's school at Newton.

I will ask these four young people, or so many of them as may be in attendance, to make their way to the platform, and receive from the hands of the Mayor the prizes which they have worthily won.

MAYOR COBB.—How many essays were sent in?

SUPERINTENDENT ALDRICH.—I can state the number only approximately. In Class A, seven or eight; and in Class B, between twenty and thirty.

Miss Charlotte B. DeForest, the winner of the first prize in class B, and the only one of the prize winners who was present, came forward to the platform.

MAYOR COBB.—Owing to a recent general and quite thorough public discussion, which resulted in an event,

greatly rejoiced over, the committee is able to award these prizes in gold. (Applause.) I sent a young man from my office out to get the gold, and when he returned with it he asked me, "What are you going to do with those McKinley buttons?" (Laughter.) I have great pleasure in presenting Miss DeForest the first prize in Class B, a \$10 gold piece. (Applause.) As Miss DeForest's sister is not present, I will present to her, to be carried to her sister, the second prize in Class A, a \$2.50 gold piece. (Applause). Other prizes awarded to those who are not present will be duly forwarded to them.

After the rendering of Eichberg's "To Thee, Oh Country," Mayor Cobb said:

"The closing address will be given by the Rev. Mr. McDaniel of Newton Centre, whom I now have the pleasure of introducing."

ADDRESS OF REV. BENJAMIN F. McDANIEL,

PASTOR OF THE NEWTON CENTRE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

One of the aims proposed in the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was the conversion of the natives to the Christian religion; but as the colonists were sore beset with difficulties and hardships that severly taxed their resources, some years elapsed before that pious purpose could be undertaken.

What impressed men like the Mayhews, Roger Williams and John Eliot, along with the moral poverty and spiritual destitution of the Indians, was their utter helplessness to cope with the elements and forces of nature, to ward off disease, and to gain even a low degree of comfort in the European scale of living.

These noble Christian philanthropists saw that preaching the gospel to people of such a low order of intelligence must yield imperfect and erroneous results unless it were accompanied by education covering the whole range of civilization. Note the striking difference between this view and that adopted by the Spaniards.

John Eliot was the founder in America of the true Indian poliey, too soon abandoned, and for over two centuries shamefully disregarded by the American people. Unlike the Spaniards, he began by making friends of a people it was easy under the circumstances to convert into foes. The

burden of responsibility to keep them friends lay upon the colonists.

Almost passively the natives yielded possession of the soil. With childlike simplicity they bowed before the superior powers of the whites, and eagerly embraced the scant opportunities afforded them to gain these powers for themselves.

Eliot saw that it would be immensely to the advantage of the colonists to have the Indians settled in stable communities: at the same time it would ensure the success of his own efforts to Christianize them. This meant houses and lands, gardens and orchards, schools and churches of their own creation. It meant civilization as well as religion.

For religion he had the foundation laid by God in their own nature; and with masterly wisdom he began by appealing to the religious instincts of their hearts, telling them like another Paul at Athens, that the God they worshiped in ignorance was the Heavenly Father revealed in the glorious light of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

For civilization there was no foundation, save in the docility and eagerness of their untutored, inexperienced minds.

So he began by showing them how to build stone walls, to frame houses, to dig trenches, to sink wells, to sow seed, to plant trees, to open up roads, to do the thousand things that mark off the civilized man from the savage.

There may be good grounds for believing that the stone walls, road-ways, and foundations discovered on the banks of the Charles river, near Watertown, and attributed to the Norsemen, are the remains of the homes of some of these

praying Indians of Nonantum, whose chief occupation was fishing at the various falls on the river. Such remains of these Indians were to be seen in this vicinity down to a recent period.

Here in John Eliot was evidence of sterling good sense, of the highest practical wisdom, applied at the very point and time where they were most needed. Here was an example, the bare practical utility of which should have commended itself to the colonists as the rule of action in all their dealings with the natives.

"His favorite project," we are told, "was to bring them together in well-ordered towns, where employments in the several arts and trades, and general improvement in civil affairs, might advance hand in hand with religious instruction." In the feeble condition of the Bay colonists at that time, this could not be accomplished without generous aid from England; and in the unsettled state of political affairs there, it was easier to get complimentary and pious resolutions from Parliament than to raise the necessary money for such a work.

Private benevolence at last came to Eliot's assistance, and after years of hope deferred, the Natick community was planted.

It seemed to him that the settlement here at Nonantum was too near Boston and Cambridge to permit perfect freedom in working out the peculiar conditions of his experiment. It was to be socially and politically, as well as religiously, as near a republic as the circumstances would justify.

The Indians here at Nonantum, as at Neponset, Concord, Groton, and elsewhere in Eliot's pastoral care, were still in

the tribal state, and preferred their wigwam life. He hoped that at Natick they would be led to build a town after the English manner—a town, as he wrote to Edward Winslow, who was pushing his cause in England, “that should be a model for all subsequent communities of Christian Indians that should be gathered together.” He made the Indians to see that in their irregular, unsettled mode of life they could not maintain Christian institutions, much less cultivate the domestic and civic arts and virtues that must go with the Christian religion to keep it strong and pure. Hence the proposed settlement came to be as much an object of prayer with them as with him. “O that God would let us live to see that day!” they fervently cried.

It was the fashion in certain circles here and in England, especially after the Restoration, to sneer at Eliot’s labors, and the wits of the time were quick to seize the strange and grotesque features of the enterprise; but he could point with equal modesty and assurance to the hundreds of natives transformed, at least in part, from savage to civilized life, reaching even to the bachelor’s degree from Harvard College.

But the noble missionary’s Utopia was soon rudely broken up. King Philip’s war—shall we call it a blunder or a crime?—enveloped the colony like a tempest, and swept the little community to an almost hopeless ruin. The great heart of the teacher was well-nigh broken; but here his greatness as a true shepherd, a saint, and a hero appeared. To his own injury, but never to his shame, he stood between the innocent, defenceless Indians of his charge and the blind, undiscriminating fury of the people. At his own cost and

to the peril of health and life he ministered to the wretched exiles. He shielded them as far as he could from the curse of slavery, and bravely rebuked the authorities for selling the Indians into bondage.

By that act alone, they discredited themselves in the eyes of the Indians. By this inhumanity, and barbarities excusable only in savages, Eliot's work was crippled, and the way blocked to its extension. His missionary posts were reduced from seventeen to four; and only one, the revived Indian town at Natick, retained the characteristics he had hoped to give to an ever-enlarging circle of such communities.

That also lost its character under English sway, and Eliot died without the sight of the success he so richly deserved. I do not forget that the completion and publication of his Indian Bible and Psalm Book, in which he was aided by one of his native converts, were rewards of labor, patience, and courage that must have cheered him, even in the darkest hours; but these works were, with him, only the spiritual implements for tilling the soil so providentially spread before him. These literary works of his were of limited range; but the principle he established, that the natives should be won to the Christian faith by Christian treatment and the means of the most advanced civilization, the Nation has not yet fully lived up to.

John Eliot passed away, and with him some of the influences he set in motion. The Indians died out, or retired before the resistless march of the whites. The Christian republic of the red men was no longer the vision or labor of any courageous, pious soul.

But out of that dim and troubled time the noble figure of John Eliot stands out, relieving much that was dark, barbaric, unchristian. We see him again walking over these hills and through these valleys, which he named Nonantum, that is, *Rejoicing*, bearing to the dusky sons of the forest the means of civilization and the light of Christian faith, revealing to them a visible gospel in his own sweet, gentle nature and loving, spotless character.

We do well to honor him in these commemorative exercises: but they will be an empty strain of idle praise unless coupled with an earnest purpose to redeem the mistakes and crimes of the past in our dealings with the Indians, and to bring them once more and forever into relations of peace and fellowship with all our people.

MAYOR COBB.—In behalf of the City Committee I wish to thank the scholars of the schools for their generous response to our call for essays. I will say that probably to-night there will be placed in the hands of the City a fund which will enable us every year to offer prizes to the children of our schools for essays upon colonial history and matters pertaining to the early days. I wish that we had prizes to give to all who have written to-day; but, children, you will have your reward. As you study in ancient history of the cruelty, the rapacity, the selfishness of the Hannibals and the Caesars, and the Napoleons, you will have in beautiful contrast this loving life given for humanity and God—

this life that is glorified now in the Redeemer's kingdom.
(Applause.)

We will now rise and sing two verses of "America,"
and close with the Doxology.

The audience joined in singing the first two stanzas of
"America," followed by the Doxology, "Praise God, from
Whom all blessings flow," which concluded the exercises.

EVENING EXERCISES,

Wednesday, November 11, 1896.

EVENING EXERCISES.

The commemorative exercises Wednesday evening were held at Eliot Church, in Newton, in the presence of a large audience. After the organ voluntary Mayor Cobb opened the exercises in the following words:

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BY MAYOR COBB.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:

The City of Newton has invited you to assemble here this evening in loving memorial of the life and labors of our patron saint, the apostle John Eliot.

When the founders of our municipality were called upon to choose an emblem for our City seal, there was one scene in our earliest history which at once suggested itself as pre-eminently appropriate.

They saw these hills and valleys, covered with the primeval forest; and under the wide spreading branches of a grand old oak on the eastern slope of the hill, Nonantum, stood a white man in clerical dress, his face lighted up with the love of the Master, and crowding about him, a band of dusky Indians, listening intently while he strove to impart to them the words of eternal truth—and that is the picture which adorns every official document of the City of Newton, embalming for all generations the sweet memories of a noble character.

Thus did he proclaim the universal brotherhood of man. When Fr. Gabriel Druillette, a Jesuit priest and missionary to the Northwest Indians, came on a pilgrimage to New England, he was welcomed by Eliot to his heart and home, and was urged to spend the winter with him. Mark the scene, and learn in this conference of these devoted servants of God—widely separated by creed and method, but united in faithful endeavor for the uplifting of their fellows—a grand lesson of religious toleration; and further, may this self-sacrificing life remind us of our individual responsibility as integral parts of the body politic.

PRAYER BY REV. EDWARD M. NOYES.

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH, NEWTON CENTRE.

Oh, Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst in their days, in the days of old; how Thou didst drive out the nations with Thy hand and plantedst them. We thank Thee that Thou didst guide our fathers by Thy spirit to the founding of wise institutions, the appointing of just laws, the establishment of righteousness in this new land. We thank Thee for their pious example, for their faith unfeigned. Thou hast increased greatly Thy people: Thou hast made the wilderness a city; so we, Thy people and the sheep of Thy pasture, will give Thee thanks forever; we will show forth Thy praise unto all generations.

Especially do we praise Thee to-night for the work of Thy servant whose name is upon all our lips in honor and reverence, and whose memory is sweet within our hearts. We thank Thee that Thou didst put Thy spirit upon him; that Thou didst anoint him to preach the gospel unto the poor: to preach unto the captives of sin, deliverance: to heal the broken-hearted; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. We thank Thee for all the immediate fruitage of his labor, for all the inspiration of his example entering into other lives with fruitful power. We thank Thee for his

patience, for his toil, for his self-sacrifice, and for his fidelity even unto death.

And now we pray Thee that as we are gathered here to-night to do honor unto his memory, that some baptism of his own spirit may be given unto us in Thy grace. We pray Thee that this nation in our day may be just and wise in its treatment of the remnants of that race for which he gave his life. We pray Thee that this city, whose homes now adorn the fields where once he preached the everlasting gospel—this city which hath set upon its seal the enduring memorial of his fidelity—may have impressed upon every portion of its civil, domestic, and social life, that vital christianity, that reverence for Thee and for Thy law, and that unfeigned love for our fellow-men which were the guiding principles of his life. And wilt Thou bless unto us as individuals all the exercises of this hour? May we be so instructed and so inspired that we, who are the inheritors of the past, and who have entered into the fruits of the laborers of the past, may enter also into a like fidelity with Thee; that we also, having served our day and generation, may be faithful unto death, and inherit with them the crown of eternal life. And all we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The Eliot Church Choir, under direction of Mr. William H. Dunham, rendered "How Lovely are the Messengers," from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."

MAYOR COBB.—Fellow citizens, I have the great pleasure and privilege of introducing to you as the orator of the evening, the Honorable William Everett. (Applause).

ORATION

BY

WILLIAM EVERETT, LL. D.

ORATION.

The commemoration in which we are engaged to-night is unique in the history of New England towns. The anniversaries which have been celebrated in our neighborhood during many years, as one town after another recalls that it is two hundred or two hundred and fifty years old, tell all pretty much the same story—how a part of the inhabitants of one and another town found that they had too far to go to their house of meetings, religious or secular, and that it was their duty to have their own pastor, their own parish, their own preeinet, and, lastly, their own town. Every one of these new swarms might develop in after time its own peculiar treasure of honey, wax, glue, or poison; but the swarming process was much the same in all cases.

But Nonantum has a glory exclusively her own, and one of which no town in the United States will easily deprive her. It was here, on the 28th of October, 1646, that John Eliot took up a work which no man had suggested to him, but the living spirit of God only: and which, promising nothing in the way of worldly emolument, little even of what men call success, has crowned him with a wreath of sanctity,

“With peerless glories bright
That shall new lustre boast
When victors’ wreaths and monarchs’ gems
Shall blend in common dust.”

The story of John Eliot, his life and work, has been often told; and, in these last years, re-told with every circumstance that old tradition or late research could combine. In this very month the New England Magazine has brightened its pages by a most thorough and interesting picture of all that is known about him, from the pen of his successor at Roxbury. You all know the story here, and could recapitulate its every detail to me far better than I could tell it to you. His birth, whether at Nazing in Essex, where much of his youth was passed, or in the neighboring parish of Widford in Hertfordshire, where certainly he was baptized, and where a splendid memorial window has recently been dedicated to his memory by the piety and generosity of his descendants, acting through the venerable Dr. Ellsworth Eliot of New York; his training in a religious home, where the fear of God was as its very atmosphere; his education at Jesus College in Cambridge, in some respects the most attractive of all the foundations in that home of learning; his service as a school-master at Little Haddow, under the Olympian presence of Thomas Hooker; his migration to New England in the *Lion*; his temporary supply of the First Church, and his call to Roxbury to supply the demands of the Nazing Christians, who had themselves crossed the ocean in a body for the express purpose of obtaining his ministrations; his marriage and ordination, each a door opening to long years of happiness as a husband and a pastor; his saintly service in the church, always working for love and never for strife; his peaceful death, in extreme old age—these things have been plainly set forth in detail for all to read who care for the history of New England and the men who made her.

Then, in the midst of this tranquil ministry, arises the new life of the apostle to the Indians. The early attempts of Eliot to acquire the language; the first visit to this spot on the 28th of October, 1646, and the first assembly in Waban's wigwam; the first prayer and the first sermon from that marvellous spiritual vision of Ezekiel; the second visit, exactly two hundred and fifty years ago this day; the discussion of multifarious questions, hard or easy, but every one met honestly and patiently; the subsequent meetings, the devotion by Waban of his sons to Christian education; the beginnings of culture and civilization; the establishment of church and town at Natick; the struggle with the wayward sachem of Neponset; the visit to Passaconaway, the sorcerer, at Pawtucket Falls; the long and patient struggle with enemies, Christian and Indian alike; the eager calls on the friends of religion beyond the sea; the correspondence with the saintly philosopher, Robert Boyle; the first attempts at religious literature in the Mohegan language, culminating in that stupendous work, the translation of the whole Bible, in two editions; the thunderbolt of the war with Philip, where the praying Indians found themselves literally between two fires; their sad transportation to Deer Island, the very name of which we cannot pronounce without a grim sense of mingled comedy and crime; the late and feeble return; the entire forty years, whether in success or failure, marked by the courage, the fervor, the industry, the patience, the saintly tenderness of Eliot—you all know the story: you have heard it, you have read it, you have studied it, you have pondered it. Surely you have not come here to-night like little children, to have the tale repeated, and watch me critically

for fear I should leave out some incident; but rather, may I not think, accepting the tale as told, you will be content to have me lead your minds to some just reflections on the man and his work, to consider why after two centuries and a half we have learned to trace his story with such loving accuracy.

I feel, for more causes than one, a very deep interest in the career of this holy man. In the first place, he belonged to that glorious University of Cambridge, of which I am proud of being a graduate. It is incredible to me that, considering how much Massachusetts owes to Cambridge University, considering that Winthrop and Cotton, and a score of her other founders were Cambridge men, considering that John Harvard was a Cambridge man, and that the first two presidents of his college were Cambridge graduates, it is incredible to me, I say, that our generation in Massachusetts should be always talking about Oxford, as if that were the only university in England. I was asked within three weeks by a very old and honored friend, a man who expected me to vote for him in the late election, if I was not an Oxford man. Ask a Harvard man if he was at Yale, ask a Williams man if he was at Amherst, ask a Columbia man if he was at Union, ask a Princeton man if he was at Rutgers, but don't ask a Cambridge man if he was at Oxford; and don't, when you come back from visiting England, tell how you went to Oxford, and had no time to go to Cambridge—the university of Spenser and Bacon and Cromwell and Milton and Newton; the university of the eastern counties, of the reformers, of the Puritans, of free thought and free speech; the university that made New England what she was, the Cambridge but for which your own name of Newtowne might

still be clinging to some brickyard between Medford and Brookline, and the site of Harvard's halls be occupied by the abominations of a factory.

Again, I must feel a personal interest in John Eliot from his having exercised, after leaving college, my own profession of a school master. Cotton Mather, in his "Life of Eliot," labors hard to clear this calling from a certain imputation of inferiority. And, indeed, in Eliot's time, a teacher of boys—for girls had scarcely any education—was distinctly looked down upon. He had neither the honorable deference accorded to a learned profession, nor the honest respect attached to a mechanic art. He was in very truth a pedagogue—that vile word, from which is derived the still viler "paedagogy," by which people persist in miscalling the noble art of education, of which the proper Greek name is "paedenties," a pedagogue being merely the slave who takes a boy to school, and sees that he does not play truant or worse.

Things have somewhat changed in this respect with us. When I had the honor of a seat in the Fifty-third Congress, one tenth of all the senators and representatives put themselves on record as having taught school; and I know that some had done so who did not record it. In fact, an occupation which Daniel Webster and Andrew Jackson both adopted needs no forced exaltation in American eyes. It is the hardest and most thankless of callings. The school-master is exposed at once to the fire of four armies—his pupils, their parents, the committee, and the public. He is expected to take a keen interest in the wilful and stupid, and yet submit to see his best pupils removed from under his

care without being consulted ; he is forced to teach what he does not believe, and have his poorly-paid place the prey of polities ; he is expected to make bricks without straw, and cut blocks with a razor ; and, worst of all, he is expected in his hard-earned vacations to go to conventions and hear his business discussed by people who know less about it than he does. All the more ought all of our craft to pay their respectful thanks to the memory of John Eliot, who was active in founding that noble institution, the Roxbury Latin School, the best school to-day in New England, especially in its noble regard alike for its teachers and its pupils.

With these two personal sources of interest over and above what the whole nation and the whole church must feel in Eliot, I approach the subject of his place in history—the niche he must fill in our hall of worthies.

It seems to me that John Eliot exhibits to us a striking instance of one of the noblest types of human greatness—the men who are at once in line with their age, and yet ahead of it. He was in one sense the man of his age ; he lived and died in the energetic and successful discharge of what his age and land considered the highest of occupations, the priesthood and ministry of God, according to the strictest rule of sanctity and the widest law of charity, and yet not so entirely under the yoke of his time that he would not have been considered a saintly pastor in any age and any place. If Eliot had never preached to the Indians, he would have received the best praise of his contemporaries and secured a place of love and honor in later days with Higginson and Phillips, with Cotton and Shepard, with Bradford and Winthrop.

In this position he felt stirring in his breast the impulse to a work harder, higher, holier still; a bloodless crusade as much beyond the ordinary, nay, the exceptional demands of a New England pastorate, as the expedition of Cortez was beyond the most gallant deeds of Gonsalvo de Cordova.

In this enterprise he had, of course to encounter all the sloth, the craft, the greed, the fierceness of the age; but even from its energy, its courage, its generosity, its tenderness, he met with dread of his difficulties and doubts of his success. Undeterred by any obstacle, what his heart had conceived, his mind elaborated, and his hand executed. He succeeded beyond the utmost measure of success that could have been anticipated; he failed because he was not superhuman; because his work stood like a barrier between the evil passions, both of his own kind and the aliens he sought to benefit. But he left, even in failure, the first true example of how his work ought to be done, which every one that has tried to take it in later times must follow.

There have been great men, there were great men in Eliot's time, so completely the children of their own age that it was impossible to rise beyond it, even in their loftier moments. There have been other great men, there were such in Eliot's time, whose greatness was all in vision, and who drew from their own age little but a share in its faults, or a failure to see its virtues. The learning and courage of Coke, the art and genius of Milton both seemed to need apologies, because the one did too much and the other too little for his age. Eliot, like Pascal, was one of those who work both for time and for eternity, an illustration of the

great natural law that whatever is the best of its own species is the stock of a new one.

I desire to consider Eliot's work in both these relations, not merely as the great apostle to the Indians, but primarily as the minister of Roxbury; and this for many reasons.

It was out of Eliot's pastorate, his ministry, his service as an ordained teacher of the gospel, that his mission to the Indians grew. It could hardly have been otherwise with any man in that age; it could by no possibility have been otherwise with him. He had taken upon himself the work of a pastor and a teacher because his own nature was adapted to it, his training encouraged it, the age regarded it as the holiest and noblest of professions. His views of church doctrine and church government drew him to New England: his own neighbors followed him for the express purpose of having him for their shepherd. Once established in this calling, he had no choice but to perform its duties to the full, whatever they might be; he read in his Master's word the direct precept to go forth into the world and preach the gospel to every creature; he found himself the neighbor of a whole race of men to whom the gospel never had been preached, and whom he believed to be shut out from all he thought worth having in this world and the next; and the conclusion followed in his mind as the night the day. It was because he was a pastor and teacher that he became an apostle, a prophet, and an evangelist. The work which Eliot started in New England could no more have been done by anybody but a minister of the gospel, than the work of Miles Standish and Benjamin Church could have been done by any but a soldier.

Moreover, it is essential to note that it was by the work of the New England clergy, and Eliot as one of their most prominent members—the one who survived all his contemporary pastors, and must have been invested by such men as Increase Mather, whom he had known in his cradle, with patriarchal authority—that New England grew to what she is. It used to be the commonplace of history that Massachusetts Bay was a settlement of Christians, a federation of churches under Christian pastors. Among the strange modern attempts to re-write history directly in the teeth of contemporary evidence, one of the most singular, as it seems to me, is the plan of dissociating our civil institutions, our freedom, our enterprise, our education, from the religious sentiment and the clerical leadership, which, in fact, were the very nerves and brain of the settlement. The notion that our colony started as a commercial enterprise, and the notion that it grew by the inevitable efflux of a crowded and dissatisfied people, are true enough, provided we remember that the same causes operating all over the continent, and one might say all over the world, but without the stimulus of religious feeling, religious brotherhood, religious loyalty, gave birth to colonies as feeble and nerveless in comparison with Massachusetts and Connecticut as a buckeye in comparison with an oak. It stands indelibly on every page of the history of England, in the century of which the founding of New England is the central point, that the Puritans, in theology and church government, were the founders of constitutional liberty; and the same is true in the sister States of Holland. To endeavor to separate the work of Massachusetts in government from her work in religion, to say that

John Winthrop deserves praise while John Cotton deserves censure, is a good deal like praising the taste of a hickory nut and objecting to its tough bark.

The New England ministers were in every sense the representatives of the people. They were chosen by them out of their own body as leaders, advisors, and friends. They were trusted, honored, loved; but they never formed a priestly caste, set off from the people as not entirely belonging to them. However highly regarded their service, they were held strictly amenable to the will of the civil power whenever their actions seemed to threaten the stability of the Commonwealth. There can be no better instance of this than is afforded by Eliot himself. In 1634, when Eliot was a young minister, the magistrates had made a treaty with the Pequot Indians, after consultation with the clergy, then a very small and very remarkable body. The youthful minister introduced in his next sermon some strictures on their conduct, declaring the magistrates had no right to frame such a treaty without consulting the community. It seemed, as such preaching would now, an unwise criticism of those in authority. A committee of his clerical brethren, including Hooker, his spiritual master, were appointed to "deal" with Eliot; and he acknowledged that, since the treaty was one for peace and not for war, the magistrates had exercised a wise discretion, and gave utterance to this view in his next sermon.

There cannot be better testimony to the good sense of our ancestors, and the noble nature of Eliot, who could see when he had been wrong, and could say so, making the distinction which every one here ought to consider eternally

true: You may criticise the chief magistrate if his acts lead to war, but not if they lead to peace; the Christian rule of allegiance, as opposed to the satanic maxim: "Our country, right or wrong."

It was not the only time Eliot had to retract his political utterances. In the days of Cromwell's greatest triumphs Eliot had written a treatise called "*The Christian Commonwealth*," in which, it seems, he had taken the very extreme ground that the ancient English Government of king, lords, and commons was unchristian. The manuscript had been sent to England, and there published, though apparently not at Eliot's instance. A copy of it arrived in New England not long after the restoration of Charles II—nine years after Eliot had written it—and naturally caused much commotion among the colonists, who were trembling for the stability of their charter, considering how outspoken had been their sympathy with Cromwell's government. Eliot was called upon to retract some of its bolder utterances: and he found little difficulty in doing so, for whatever might be his preference for republican institutions, to declare that the government under which England had been ruled for four centuries was unchristian, was beyond all but a few theorists.

Hutchinson has seen fit to sneer at Eliot for this as a time-serving action. If Hutchinson had ever brought himself to conceive the possibility of his being wrong, and saying so, he might have saved himself, his country, and his king no little suffering. We are all of us apt to accuse people of clinging obstinately to their own opinions, and yet when a great and good man does retract we are equally apt to accuse him of cowardice. But let us notice that the Common

wealth only dealt out to Eliot the same measure that it did to its most valued civil servants. Our histories have a good deal to say about Endicott's ripping St. George's cross out of the flag. They generally omit to record that the General Court censured this act as rash, uncharitable, and unwarranted, and punished the doughty captain by exclusion from office for a year; nor was he re-instated except on the most humble submission. Clergymen and laymen alike felt that stern justice should be administered and order preserved in the very home of freedom, as our own poet, too early lost, sings:

O Law, thou shield of liberty, God's light is on thy brow;
O Liberty, thou life of law, God's very self art thou.
O daughter of the bleeding past, O hope the prophets saw;
God give us law in liberty, and liberty in law.

The New England clergy are often charged with being hard and stern—schooled out of the tenderer emotions. However true this may be of some of his contemporaries, it certainly was not true of Eliot, whose life was one of overflowing sweetness and charity, forbearing and forgiving by precept and example. The man in whose pockets the Indian pappooses used to search, not in vain, for apples or cakes, could not have had the milk of human kindness seriously soured by Calvinistic theology: the man who welcomed the Jesuit priest to bed and board and opened to him all his dealings with the sons of the forest, so different from his own, can never be accused of narrowness or bigotry.

For one duty which he conceived imposed upon him by his ministerial office, Eliot was certainly most unfit. When he engaged with his colleagues in turning the Psalms of David into rhymed verses to be sung, he went beyond the

utmost of his powers. The hopelessly unpoetical character of the Bay Psalm Book was criticised at the time in lines which have been quoted to weariness, and are quite as limping as any that they censure. The fault lay largely in the excess of reverence for the subject. Shortly after Eliot began preaching, John Milton attempted to turn nine of the Psalms into English verse, adhering as closely as possible to the original; and the result is as harsh and dry as anything in Eliot's Psalm Book. But the poetical faculty which the Lord denied to the apostle He reserved for those who sprang from his loins, and America has had few sons more worthy of the poet's laurel than the descendant of John Eliot, Fitz-Greene Halleck, the sweet singer of Marco Bozzaris.

If ever God's blessing descended on a minister of Christ, it did on John Eliot. Some have vexed themselves in our day with the question whether he received holy orders in England from the hands of any bishop: and some have been disposed, because this cannot be proved, to withhold from him the name of an ordained minister. I am ready to maintain that Eliot's ordination by a council of ministers, every one of them Episcopally ordained, if that is of any account, is as valid as if he had passed under the hands of Laud himself. But he was ordained by the spirit of God: he was ordained by the death of His Son, Jesus Christ. If John Eliot was not ordained, St. Augustine was not ordained: St. Ignatius was not ordained: St. Paul was not ordained: St. John himself was not ordained to the work of preaching the gospel to every creature.

And now to consider the question which you will naturally feel I have postponed too long, Eliot's work for

the Indians. There are some traits in it on the surface which attract every one: the absolute self-sacrifice which caused him to add to an arduous profession duties which could not fail to be attended by everything uncomfortable and hostile in nature or in men, the courage which faced every enemy and despised every hardship, the patience with which he submitted to the childish questioning, the slow apprehension, the woodland waywardness of his pupils, the mingled firmness and good-nature with which he adapted himself to every turn of the most uncertain of races, the perseverance with which he pressed his cause night and day upon all who could possibly further it, at home or beyond seas. We might go on indefinitely enumerating every virtue a missionary has been thought to require from the days of St. Paul, or even of Buddha, and find every one exemplified in John Eliot. One may, in truth, apply to him the mighty and mystical phrase used of his Heavenly Master,—“He emptied himself.” All he had, all he could learn, all he could gain he poured out on the children of the forest. But he is not the only missionary of whom such things are true; and they lie, as I have said, on the surface. There are other things that are truly his own.

In the first place, Eliot was the first man in the American colonies who conceived the idea of sharing with the Indians in one bound the inestimable blessings of the gospel, and all that Christian civilization implies. Like other colonists who had obtained the lands over which the Indians ranged, by force or fraud or honest purchase, our fathers had treated them as allies, they had treated them as enemies; they had sometimes treated them as the beasts of

the forest, but whether beasts or men, they were as aliens—not merely aliens in blood and in language, but aliens from that universal empire of God, of which all human races are parts. The idea that, having established our rule over them, rightly or wrongly, having them within our borders, when they might in truth say we were in theirs, we were responsible to God to see that we withheld not from them His priceless gift, to enjoy which the Englishmen had invaded the Indians' land: the idea that this was not merely a hope, a vision, a possibility, but an instant duty that we must do—that divine conception was Eliot's and Eliot's alone, derived straight, as he assured his pious biographer, from the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. He had no example, and he has had few followers.

Then consider that, at a very early stage of his preaching, his mind awoke to the idea that the Indians should be taught our civilization as well as our religion. This conception has been reached in later times, by many devoted missionaries, only as a kind of second thought after religious teaching has failed; with Eliot it was taken up as soon as he had begun the work of instruction. There was not an art of domestic culture he did not endeavor to teach, not a detail he did not consider, not a tool he did not provide, not a want he did not foresee. Like Prometheus in the legend, he not only brought down the fire from heaven, but he used it to lead men out of the wood into the farm and the village, and taught his devoted converts how to live as well as how to die, substituting industry for sloth, the plough for the dart, the cloth for the skin, the steady plenty and comforts of home for the alternate starvation and repletion of the

wilderness. Every effort that has been made from that time to this to bring Indians within the pale of civilization has its germ—nay, has its accurate model in the work of Eliot at Nonantum. His Indians might be red men, but they were not savages.

But he was ready with the third step, that they should be an organized community, under law and justice administered by themselves. The unit of the New England commonwealth was the town, an ancient institution alike of the Latin and the Teutonic races, but developed by our fathers to such perfection as to amount to a new creation. When town after town was breaking off and organizing itself, and each individual community was enjoying the blessings of local self-government, in church and state, the Indians—the praying Indians, the civilized Indians—alone remained in an uncertain *status*, neither under the old customs of the woods nor the mild laws of the Commonwealth, neither aliens nor citizens. Eliot, doubtless still with the object in his eye that in due time they should be admitted to full brotherhood, never rested till he had them organized in their own town of Natick, and gave them a taste of what life might be when reason, instead of appetite and passion, directed their affairs.

There is here devised and perfected, by the foresight and energy of this same man, the germ, the model of the third element in full life, the town, which, joined to the church and the home, put the Indians in a position where, if they ever showed their fitness, they might become the peers of Bellingham or Bradstreet in building up the Commonwealth, under whose fostering arms they were willing to take shelter.

But Eliot did not stop there. It is the mark of the civilized man—it is pre-eminently the mark of the Englishman—that he can read; that he is not forced to be guided by the very feeble and generally deceptive light of personal experience, but that he can draw on the stores of all ages and all nations for instruction, for warning, for encouragement, for pleasure. The Christian religion is one of the religions of a book, as the eastern faiths have it. To the Scriptures, the writings, Eliot himself appealed in all his teachings. But was the book to come to his converts, or should they come to the book? With a patience and a courage to which his own dauntless endurance had yet furnished no parallel, he grappled with the work of translating both the New and Old Testaments into the Mohegan tongue, and issued them, for all the world to read, from our infant press at Cambridge. The result is before you—a work of almost superhuman labor, for which there was not the slightest help to be found in any written tongue known to the profoundest erudition of Europe or Asia. The baseless vision that the Indians might be the descendants of the ten lost tribes, a vision that has haunted the would-be historians of scores of other nations including our own, vanished into air when the attempt was made to reconcile the Algonquin with the Hebrew; and Eliot had to turn Moses and David, Matthew and Paul into a tongue that lacked words, because it lacked the ideas on which all the thought of Palestine or Greece was based.

It is very easy to make fun of this version; it is easy to find in its pages, without resorting to senseless fiction, evidences that the languages of our continent and its peoples

were ill-adapted to the thoughts of prophets and apostles, or they to them. It is easy to say no man living can read the book now. But if you had gone to Eliot with the book in your hand, and told him that the result of all his toil should be that one single Indian, and one alone, should be led by its pages to fix his hope on the gospel who would not otherwise have embraced it, he would have replied that he had a higher reward than his labors had deserved.

This book is the pioneer of all the translations that have been made into languages, wholly alien from those in which the Bible was written, in all the quarters of the globe. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians was avowedly the work of Eliot's efforts; but in point of fact, all the Bible Societies in the world, with their presses, their salesrooms, their editions, great and small, in every language under heaven, their army of distributors, are the growth of this volume, the work of a single busy, gentle, aged saint. His specific work has become a curiosity for book collectors and public libraries, and as such each copy is valued at many hundreds of dollars: but if the original price of a copy had been put at compound interest in 1663, and the money left to accumulate till to-day, it could not pay for the courage, the patience, the devotion, the overflowing love stamped on the page with every one of its uncouth and forgotten words.

I need not tell you that the founder of the Roxbury Latin School could not rest until he had given the Indians schools, and schools taught by their own people. He tried more; he tried to train up preachers for them by means of a college education; but the process was too much for the

material. A single Indian passed to the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Harvard College, and died the same year. We understand the art of College instruction better now; we do not force Indians to learn the old-world studies of Latin and Greek and Hebrew and logic, which our own prominent undergraduates consider they have outgrown; in return for the science of lacrosse, which we have borrowed from their ancient erudition, we have trained them in the noble mystery of knocking each other into dough on the football field, and Carlisle School has the honor of ranking among the very few institutions which Harvard has beaten at football.

Eliot stands, then, as the pioneer in this system of dealing with the red man in our borders, which seeks to make him a civilized Christian, a member of an organized community, able to read the oracles of his faith in his own language. And all these things he did on two principles: first, of absolute sincerity—he never proposed to cheat the Indians into anything, but used the same frankness that he would use to Endicott or Mather; and next he employed throughout the same gentleness, the same forbearance that marked the whole of his long and saintly life. There is no conversion by the sabre in his dealings with his woodland brethren; he appears at the outset as their friend, a weak and sinful man like themselves, whose sole object is to make them share his temporal and eternal happiness.

I would ask any one if two hundred years have improved on this theory. Details have altered; our schools, our farms, our communities, our books for the Indians are not the same as Eliot's, any more than our own dress, our own furniture, our own houses are the same as his; but the lines on which

he laid down his work have never been improved upon by any master-builder since his time.

If, then, we consider Eliot's work as it arose in his own heart, and was carried out in his own mind and by his own hand, we must, it seems to me, accord it unlimited praise. But men judge things by what they call results; they ask, Did the work succeed? Did Eliot effect what he sought? And they say he failed: they point to the steady dying-out of the Indian communities, and their absorption so far as they exist by the stronger negro race, till at last, if we say we have Indians at all in Massachusetts, we shall hardly find in them a trace of all the devotion and thought and work that Eliot gave to them. That the thousand copies of his Bible have shrunk to a few score, preserved only as curiosities, and rescued almost entirely from European libraries, while those distributed among his converts ceased to be read and finally passed out of existence, is held to be a type of what has become of his work in general—a curiosity of religious and social history, feeble at the outset and barren of results.

It would be absurd to deny that there is truth in such a view; but one thing is evident to me, that Eliot's failure, if failure it was, was in great part due to his never receiving, either at home or abroad, anything like the help which his labors demanded. I do not forget the many wise and good men that supported him; I do not forget the aid he received from Gookin in Massachusetts and Boyle in England; I do not forget that from time to time the chief men of the colony came to visit his Indians as men now visit Hampton and Carlisle. But I say that his enterprise was one that ought to have shamed his contemporaries out of their apathy

toward the wards of the Commonwealth; and if they had given to Eliot's praying Indians one tithe—aye, one hundredth of the time that they gave to the Antinomian controversy, to the quarrels with the New Netherlands, to the war with Philip—nay, one might almost say, to such discussion as whether the Indians were Israelites, the story of success or failure might have been written very differently.

In fact, nothing illustrates more terribly the cruel neglect and ignorance of Eliot's work among the colonists than the sad fact that when Philip's war was upon them, and they naturally and rightly rose in arms against their secret and deadly foe, they visited the praying Indians, who were actually fighting on their side against their red brethren, with the basest suspicion; and these most inoffensive of men suffered hardly more from the malignity of their own kinsmen than from the insolence of the white men.

It has been said sometimes that the Catholic missionaries in Canada understood how to deal with the Indians better than Eliot and his Protestant coadjutors; that they gave the Indians the sort of religion that was good for them, and did not engage in the vain task of bringing them into European civilization. I cannot undertake to say exactly how much religion is good for an Indian; but when I reflect that the Indians of Canada were hurled against our frontier, and carried fire and sword into our border towns with the encouragement of their spiritual guides, I must be allowed to distrust the superiority of their methods of conversion.

But it may be that Eliot's attempt to convert, to civilize, to educate the Indians could not succeed; that Nature had bound the red man's heart with the mountains and

snows of apathy and feebleness, which no Christian love or Christian training could dissolve into fertilizing dew, but which was destined to melt away and run off in desolating avalanches and torrents under the fierce and fiery discipline of a keener and sturdier race. It may be that contact with the white man could only precipitate the process of destruction by war and disease, which had begun before his arrival. Be it so—be it that the very contact of the races withers the red man. In that case I prefer to see him perish under such treatment as that of Eliot and Whipple and Armstrong, than under that of Standish and Underhill, and the paternal government of the United States. Hampton and Carlisle are gentler poisons, if poisons they are, than treaties with independent nations, broken by force and vitiated by brand. I had rather have Eliot's translation of the Bible, which nobody can read,* than a post trader's translation of a statute which the Indians read one way and he reads another, secure in the protection of the infernal spoils system, which every politician who defends knows he is lying as he defends it. I prefer to see if Indians cannot be made citizens, at the risk of extirpation, than to witness the process of actual extirpation carried on by alternate craft and bloodshed among frontier communities, which talk incessantly of the hopelessly diseased character of the Indian race, and give evidence all the time that they have caught the infection and grown more savage than the savages themselves.

If it is indeed the will of God that the Indian should disappear by our touch, let that touch be like that of a compassionate angel, breathing words of the minister of God's

* It is understood that the venerable Bishop Whipple finds Eliot's Bible of great use in instructing the Indians of the Northwest, all the Algonquin tribes speaking kindred languages.

pity, and not of a malignant devil, yelling with delight at every stroke he deals of the blasting sword. Our fathers are constantly exposed to silly jests and abuse for their treatment of the Indians. I would not palliate or deny one of their crimes, when the white men were weak and the red men strong; but let those who in this day are bettering their example of fraud and violence first raise an Eliot from among themselves, to attempt, at least, a brotherly treatment of the forest children, before they claim that horrible privilege of the strong to oppress the weak.

No, Eliot did not fail. Such work as his is its own success. The cross is itself the sceptre, the thorns themselves are the crown; that first preaching at Nonantum, the first village at Natick, the mission to Passaconaway at Pawtucket Falls, the pages of this obsolete volume are themselves the imperial laurels won by love over hate, by sacrifice over greed, by courage over doubt, by the gospel of the Lord over the passions of man. When we stamp on our records that ancient bearing, the Indian on his azure field, looking to the star of Bethlehem, we bid forever to shine from their pages a brighter glory than was won by the armed hand of Sidney, striking for peace under liberty with his tyrant-hating sword. And when the ancient race of Eliot counts up the glories of its far-extended name, the martyr of parliamentary liberty, the dauntless defender of Gibraltar, the wise governor of India, the gallant sailor of Lake Erie, the unwearied educators of our own State and time, it shall still set as its noblest representative that champion of the faith, the faultless apostle, as ardent as Peter, as unwearied as Paul, and as instinct with heavenly love as his namesake saint, who has long since welcomed him to a share of the Master's bosom.

At the conclusion of the oration the solo "Be Thou Faithful Unto Death," from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," was sung by Mr. William H. Dunham.

MAYOR COBB.—There is one citizen to whom, more than to any other, we are indebted for the celebration which we are enjoying to-day. I had the honor of proposing it to the City Council, but Mr. William Carver Bates should have the credit of first suggesting it. Faithful for years to the memory of Eliot, he has endeavored constantly to impress upon his fellow-citizens the duty and privilege of commemorating his life and deeds. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Bates, who will speak to us of "Eliot at Nonantum."

ADDRESS.—“ELIOT AT NONANTUM.”

**Presentation of Eliot Terrace and Eliot Memorial Fund
to the City of Newton.**

BY WILLIAM CARVER BATES.

Mr. Mayor and Fellow Citizens:

When the Municipal Government of the the City of Newton was organized in 1873, the device chosen for the city seal was the scene of Eliot preaching to the Indians at Nonantum in 1646; and it was well chosen, for it was not only, as Dr. Homer wrote in his Historical Sketch of Newton, “the principal event of these parts,” but it was an incident which will always interest intelligent people, for it recalls much that is best in human character, and it speaks to future generations with that true eloquence which “consists in the subject, the man, and the occasion.” The beginning of organized Protestant missions, the beginning of the still unfinished work of civilizing the Indians of America, the first address in their own tongue to the Indians upon “Life, Judgment, and the World to Come,” in short, the beginning of a work prosecuted through a long life under great discouragements but with a zeal and intelligence, a patience

and perseverance seldom equalled in the history of civilization, it must be that the scene of such associations will have an abiding place in the reverence of future generations.

The mind of man delights to concentrate its attention upon the particular spot of the earth's surface associated with a great event or with the deeds of great men; it is, I suppose, that at such places the emotions take on a warmer glow, even as the sun's rays, when focussed, kindle an answering fire. Thus it will be that Nonantum, the old original Nonantum of 1646 to 1651, must become more and more the Mecca that will attract the thoughts and steps of pilgrims to historic shrines.

Those first gatherings in the wigwam of Waban, "one of their principal men," have been often described; the five years which followed have been less dwelt upon. While Eliot was drawing them on to "civility and religion" the larger and more permanent settlement at Natick had rather eclipsed the beginning at Nonantum; but we must remember that here at Nonantum John Eliot began to preach the Gospel to the Indians; here was founded the first Christian community of Indians within the English colonies; with this spot on the fair landscape of our Garden City is associated this unique event in the beginnings of New England. The precise location of Nonantum is fortunately not left in uncertainty: few events in our early history were so faithfully recorded; we turn to the Eliot Tracts, Gookin's "*History of the Praying Indians,*" and Eliot's letters to Robert Boyle.

"Upon October 28, 1646, four of us, (having sought God) went unto the Indians inhabiting within our bounds, with desire to make known the ways of their peace to them."

Whatever the atmosphere of that autumn day, it must have been Indian summer in the hearts of Eliot and his companions, Heath, Shepard, and Gookin, as they "came to the wigwam of Waban, one of their principal men." Edward Jackson, one of our first settlers, was probably present also. The details of that beginning have been rehearsed to you. A few months later Eliot essayed to bring the Indians together into a town, that they might "cohabit and learn useful arts and simple husbandry." "I find it necessary," wrote Eliot, "to combine civility and religion." To this solution of the Indian problem we too have come at last, after two centuries of dishonor.

The little town was founded, "the first Christian community of Indians within the English colonies."

"This towne the Indians did desire to know what name it should have, and it was told them it should be called Noonatomen, which signifies in English, rejoicing, because they hearing the word and seeking to know God, the English did rejoice at it, and God did rejoice at it, which pleased them much, and therefore that is to be the name of their towne."

The work of civilization went on, preventing and following religious teaching. The men were taught to dig, the women to spin, and all to live orderly lives. What discouragements the good teacher met we know but little of. He records: "You know likewise that we exhorted them to fence their grounds with ditches and stone walls upon the banks, and promised to help them with shovels, spades, mattocks, crows of iron; and they are very desirous of following that counsel and call upon me to help them faster than I can get them, though I have now bought a pretty

store, and they (I hope) are at work. . . . The women are desirous to learn to spin, and I have procured wheels for sundry of them and they can spin pretty well. They begin to grow industrious and find something to sell at market all the year long. All winter they sell brooms, staves, etc., pots, baskets, and turkeys. In the spring, cranberries, fish, strawberries; in the summer, huckleberries, grapes, fish, venison, etc., and they find good benefit by the market and grow more and more to make use thereof. Besides sundry of them work with the English in haytime and harvest, yet it is not comparable to what they might do if they were more industrious, and old boughs must be bent a little at once. If we can set the young twigs on a better bent it will be God's mercy."

A little later Eliot wrote: "They moved also, as you know, for a school, and through God's mercy a course is now taken that there be a school at both places where their children are taught." There were discouragements manifold and sore, but none greater than he afterwards met at Dedham and Natick. Nonantum was too near the English; idleness, drunkenness, dissolute living, were hard to overcome, and Eliot resolved to abandon Nonantum for some larger tract more remote. In 1649 Eliot wrote: "I find it absolutely necessary to combine civility with religion, and that maketh me to have many thoughts that the way to do it to the purpose is to live among them in a place distant from the English, for many reasons, and bring them to cohabitation, government, arts, and trades." This is perhaps the first appearance of the "college settlement" in Protestant missions. Mr. Eliot mentions an incident not often mentioned

in accounts of Nonantum, and I venture to recall it. It appears that in a family of Nonantum a child had died, and the family and friends had arranged to do as the English did by preparing the little one for Christian burial; but they were not content until a prayer had been offered when all were gathered under a large tree; one of their number prayed very earnestly a long time, Mr. Jackson standing not far off and observing, "much marvelling thereat, it not being the custom for the English to assemble themselves for prayer on such occasions." Well might they receive the name "Praying Indians," if the first prayer at a funeral service in New England was offered at Nonantum.

In 1651 the Nonantum village was removed to Natick, but for five years here the experiment had been tried. Here at Nonantum were the first hopes of the good man centred; here came Heath, Shepard, Gookin, Eliot, picked men from the first settlers. We are not to suppose that with the removal to Natick the connection of Eliot and Nonantum ceased. In 1676-'77 Major Gookin wrote a history of the Praying Indians. He says, speaking of the Indians at the close of Phillip's war: "Some settled about Hooanantum Hill near the very place where they first began to pray to God and Mr. Eliot first taught them, which was about thirty years since. Here Anthony, one of the teachers, built a large wigwam, at which place the lecture and the school were kept in the winter of 1676, where Major Gookin and Mr. Eliot ordinarily met every fortnight."

In 1677 Major Gookin made a report to the General Court, giving an account of the location of these faithful friends of the English, after their dispersion during the war.

He says "a fourth company are at Nonantum on land of Deacon Trowbridge who allows them to build on his land."

We may then picture the good Eliot continuing his personal relation with Nonantum near to his life's end. Just one hundred years ago the Minister of the First Church of Newton, Jonathan Homer, still remembered by some now living as old Dr. Homer, wrote an "Historical Sketch of Newton." He was clear and positive as to the location of Nonantum being on the southern slope of Nonatum Hill; he had talked with Abraham Hyde, who, born in 1717, remembered traces of the Indian village, which he had helped remove in his youth. Jackson, in his history of Newton, accepted the tradition that Waban's wigwam was situated where the Eliot Terrace was erected about twenty years since.

The Eliot Memorial Association was formed in 1876 to receive from the Kenrick family a plot of ground, a portion of the original Nonantum lands, to fix upon it some enduring memorial or landmark, which should recall by suitable inscriptions the work of Eliot and the men associated with him, and then to convey the same to the City of Newton for perpetual ownership and care.

In selecting the form of memorial, the committee of the association was not unmindful that a granite or marble shaft is, to many, the appropriate form of memorial sculpture; but these have so long been used as an expression of mortuary grief, to the conversion of our cities of the dead into unattractive marble yards, that another form was adopted. the terrace, which should be substantial, harmonious, and give opportunity for suitable inscriptions

to recall the men and events, and leave opportunity for such additional decoration as the judgment of the future might determine.

The location of the Eliot Terrace is all that could be desired; at present a pastoral view, inviting to contemplation; at the head of the valley between the Nonantum and Waban hills, its outlook is upon both, their wooded slopes leaning to embrace the fair scene; to the east the walls of St. John's Seminary, rising above the tree tops, recall the visit of the Jesuit Druilletes to Eliot at a time when the Puritan code forbade permanent residence to a Romanist.

The inscription of the tablet is historically correct: here was Nonantum; in the vicinity, at least, was Waban's wigwam; and here was founded the first community of Christian Indians within the English colonies. It is enough, precise as President Eliot could make it; but there were others, "Heath, Shepard, Gookin, Waban." The record of that time was, "On the 28th of October, four of us, (having sought God) went unto the Indians." Who were these three who came with Eliot on that October day to the wigwam of Waban, "one of their principal men?" Heath, elder of the church at Roxbury, Eliot's friend and counsellor; Thomas Shepard, pastor of the church at Cambridge; Daniel Gookin, friend and companion of Eliot in his work from beginning to end, historian and guardian of the Indians. These names are fittingly joined with those of Eliot and Waban upon the memorial terrace. Edward Jackson, one of our first permanent settlers, was doubtless there. These were men who were a part of that "winnowed grain" which went to the planting of New England.

The trustees of the Eliot Memorial Association deem this anniversary the fitting time to convey to the City of Newton the plot of land and memorial terrace for perpetual ownership and care; they do this, confident in the belief that future generations will value this spot with increasing affection, as one of the most interesting landmarks connected with the beginning of New England.

The pleasing duty remains of announcing another memorial to Eliot, and one which we may believe would be especially gratifying to the saintly man; it is a memorial which will be sought in vain upon any landscape, but it will exist in the hearts and minds of successive classes of pupils in Newton schools forever.

Eliot's interest in the education of the young was a marked characteristic, and he has been called the father of free schools in New England. It seems appropriate to establish a memorial to him in Newton schools. The Memorial fund (of three hundred dollars) now created provides by its deed of trust for the encouragement of the study of American history by the offer of an annual prize upon such subjects as may be announced from year to year, the details being in charge of the proper authority. The terms of the trust need not here be enumerated. We must believe that the annual study of some particular period or subject of early American history and the consequent friendly competition for the Eliot prize for an Eliot essay, by pupils of Newton schools forever, will create an Eliot memorial more lasting and beneficent than any ordinary structure which the art of man can build.

Mr. Mayor, in behalf of the trustees of the Eliot Memorial Association, I have the pleasure of conveying to you, as the official representative of the City of Newton, the Eliot Memorial Terrace and the Eliot Memorial Fund as described in this covenant and agreement duly executed and to be recorded in the records of Middlesex County.

MAYOR COBB.—Mr. Bates, and gentlemen who are associated with you in this good work:—On behalf of the City, we gratefully accept the memorial already erected and the trust imposed upon us. We are confident that all down through the ages the children of Newton will embalm in their memory and keep ever green in their recollection the noble life and service of John Eliot. (Applause.)

The “Gloria,” from Gounod’s “St. Cecilia,” was rendered by the choir, after which the exercises closed with the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Daniel L. Furber, D. D., pastor *emeritus* of the First Church, Newton Centre:

“Now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost abide with you all. Amen.

CITY OF NEWTON,

IN THE BOARD OF MAYOR AND ALDERMEN,

20705

December 9, 1896.

Ordered,

That the City of Newton hereby accepts the premises known as the Eliot Memorial, and the sum of three hundred dollars (\$300) to be known as the Eliot Memorial Fund, all as more fully described in a certain indenture made on the 4th day of November, 1896, a copy of which accompanies this order, by which a certain tract of land in the easterly part of Newton, near Magnolia Avenue and Monument Street, and the said sum of three hundred dollars is conveyed in trust to the city of Newton by the trustees of the Eliot Memorial Association; and that His Honor the Mayor, be and is hereby authorized to execute said indenture in behalf of the city of Newton, for the purposes and trusts therein more fully set forth.

Read and adopted. Sent down for concurrence.

L. F. KINGSBURY, *Clerk.*

In Common Council, 18 December, 1896.

Read and adopted in concurrence.

J. C. BRIMBLECOM, *Clerk.*

Approved December 21, 1896.

HENRY E. COBB, *Mayor.*

INDENTURE.

**Copy of Conveyance to the City of Newton of the Eliot
Memorial Terrace and the Eliot Memorial Fund by
Trustees of the Eliot Memorial Association.**

THIS INDENTURE made this fourth day of November, A. D. 1896, by and between Francis J. Parker, Otis Pettee and William C. Bates, all of Newton, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Trustees of the Eliot Memorial Association, party of the first part, and the City of Newton, a municipal corporation duly established according to law, situated in said County, party of the second part, WITNESSETH:

First: The said party of the first part doth hereby remise, release and forever quitclaim unto the said party of the second part a certain tract of land situated in the easterly part of said Newton, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a stake in the westerly line of Magnolia Avenue, so called, thence running south eight and one quarter degrees west along said Magnolia Avenue thirty (30) feet; thence along the two branches of Monument Street, so called, by three curves and two straight lines, as follows, to wit: Curving to the right by a radius of fifteen (15) feet for a distance of thirty-one (31) feet five (5)

inches; thence running north fifty-one and three quarters degrees west forty-nine (49) feet; thence curving to the right by a radius of four (4) feet for a distance of eight (8) feet four and one half ($4\frac{1}{2}$) inches; thence running north sixty-eight and one quarter degrees east forty-nine (49) feet; thence curving to the right by a radius of fifteen (15) feet for a distance of thirty-one (31) feet five (5) inches to the point of beginning, and containing two thousand five hundred and eighty-seven (2587) square feet, as shown by a plan made by Shedd and Sawyer annexed to a deed to said trustees from Mary M. Taylor and others, dated September twenty-ninth, 1877, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, book 1454, page 90; said plan being also recorded at the end of the same book.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the above granted premises with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging to the said City of Newton, and its successors and assigns, but in trust nevertheless for the following purposes: That the said lot of land shall be reserved as the site of a memorial to commemorate the fact that it was near that place that John Eliot first preached the Gospel to the Indians, and that said land shall not be used for any other purposes and the same shall be maintained, improved and cared for, for the aforesaid purposes by the said City of Newton.

Second: Said parties of the first part do hereby sell, assign, transfer and set over unto said party of the second part and its successors and assigns the sum of three hundred dollars, To Have And To Hold all and singular the said sum of money with the additions thereto and accretions

thereof, and all further sums which may be given to said city for the purposes herein named to the said City of Newton and its successors and assigns, but in trust nevertheless for the following purposes: That the income of said sum shall be used in whole or in part annually for the purposes hereinafter described, namely: The fund hereby created by this instrument shall be known as the "Eliot Memorial Fund," it being established as a perpetual memorial of the Reverend John Eliot to recall his long life of service to the poor, the ignorant, the despised Indians of America, and in recognition of his interest in the education of the young through free public school instruction. The income only of this fund shall be used in whole or in part to stimulate in the pupils of the public schools of Newton the study of American history, especially the early history of Massachusetts and the beginnings of New England, by the offer of a prize or prizes annually for essays written by the pupils of the public schools of Newton for the current year in which such prizes are offered, and upon such subjects as may be appointed. The essays and prizes shall be known as the "Eliot Essays and Prizes." The conduct and details of the annual competition herein provided for shall be in charge of the Superintendent of Schools; or, when such office is vacant, of such person or persons as shall be appointed by the Mayor for the purpose. And it is further provided that when it shall appear that the full income has not been needed or used in the distribution of prizes annually, such surplus of income may be used, under the direction of the Mayor and Superintendent of Schools, for the purchase of implements or aids to historical study, such as books, maps and pictures.

which may be of use to the pupils of the Newton schools and stimulate the study of American history; such books, maps, etc. shall be marked as purchased from the income of the "Eliot Memorial Fund."

Third: Said party of the second part hereby accepts the aforesaid trusts, and agrees to hold said real estate and fund and accumulations, and use and apply the same in accordance with the aforesaid trusts.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the said party of the first part have hereunto set their hands and seals, and the said party of the second part hath caused its corporate seal to be hereto affixed, and these presents to be signed in its name and behalf by Henry E. Cobb, its Mayor, the day and year first above written.

Signed and sealed FRANCIS J. PARKER. [seal]
in the presence of OTIS PETTEE. [seal]
 William T. Dartnell, WILLIAM C. BATES. [seal]
 Capen Brown.

HENRY E. COBB,
*Mayor of the City
 of Newton.*



COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHSETTS.

MIDDLESEX ss.

November 4, 1896.

Then personally appeared the above named William C. Bates, and acknowledged the foregoing instrument to be his free act and deed.

Before me,

WINFIELD S. SLOCUM,
Justice of the Peace.

EXTRACT FROM RECORDS OF PARISH CHURCH, WIDFORD, ENGLAND. MARKED
OF PARENTS AND BAPTISM OF JOHN ELIOT, KINDLY FURNISHED BY
DR. ELLSWORTH ELIOT, A LINEAL DESCENDANT.

FACSIMILE

Ao dñi 1598

Bennet Eliot and Lett Aggar were
married the 20th of October anno Crisostoli
Anno Domini 1598.

Modern

Bennett Eliot and Letty Aggar were married the
30th of October anno supra dicto.

Ao dñi 1604

FACSIMILE

John Elliott the sonne of Bennett Elliott was baptised the
fift daye of August in the year of our Lord God 1604.

Modern

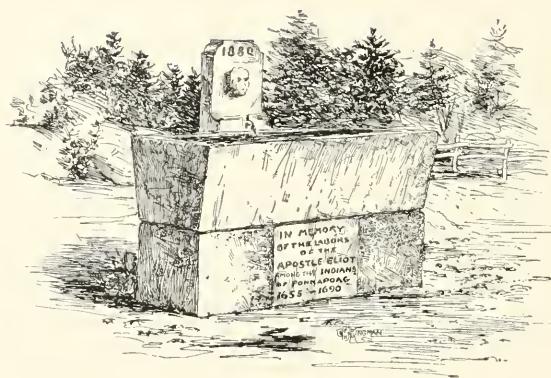
Anno Domini 1604

John Elliott the Son of Bennett Elliott was baptized the
fifth day of August in the year of our Lord God 1604.

Note

The entry here copied is, fortunately, one of the few in the old
Registers of Widford Parish which remain clear & distinct after
the lapse of 289 years.

J. J. L.



THE ELIOT MEMORIAL AT PONKAPOG.



THE ELIOT MONUMENT AT SOUTH NATICK.



ELIOT'S GRAVE, EUSTIS STREET BURYING GROUND, BOSTON.

JUL 18 1950

